

THE IRON FUSILIERS



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writes a "top" football story about



**...that top
football
character—
"ROY of the
ROVERS"...**

every week in

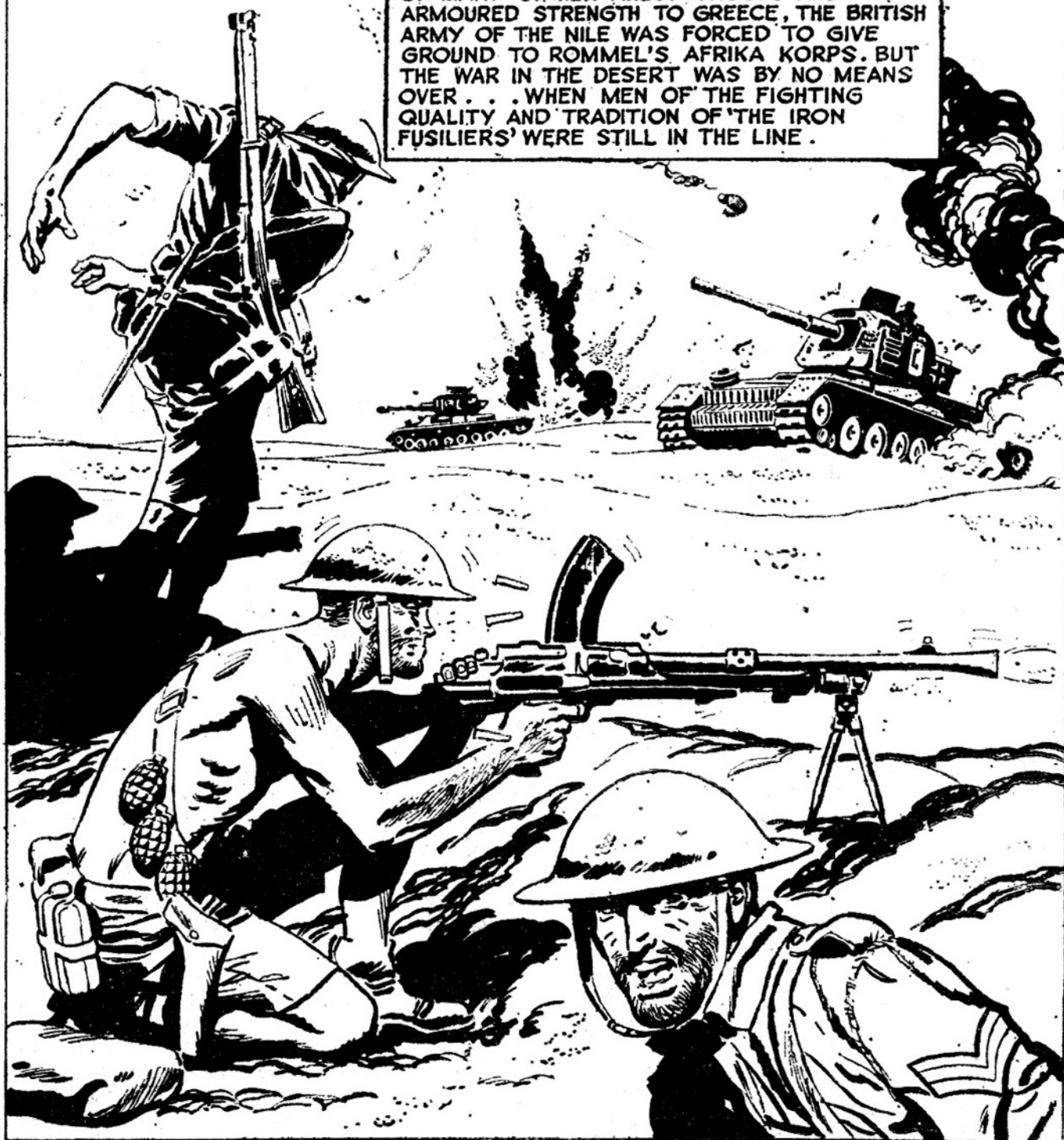
TIGER

Tuesdays—4½d.

★ All boys vote—"ITS TOPS!"

THE IRON FUSILIERS

LYBIA, 1941. SADLY WEAKENED BY THE TRANSFER OF MANY OF HER FINEST TROOPS AND ARMoured STRENGTH TO GREECE, THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE NILE WAS FORCED TO GIVE GROUND TO ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS. BUT THE WAR IN THE DESERT WAS BY NO MEANS OVER... WHEN MEN OF THE FIGHTING QUALITY AND TRADITION OF 'THE IRON FUSILIERS' WERE STILL IN THE LINE.



Chapter 1. **FIGHTING MAD**

BRITISH HIGH COMMAND ORDERED EVERY EFFORT TO BE MADE TO HARRY THE GERMANS AND SO, ON A NIGHT IN JUNE, A DETACHMENT OF FIFTY PICKED MEN FROM THE FAMOUS 'IRON FUSILIERS', LED BY CAPTAIN DICK MORELAND, WERE TAKEN BY SUBMARINE TO THE MOUTH OF THE WADI MUNTAR, FAR BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES, TO RAID A LARGE SUPPLY DUMP. . .



NO ALARM WAS RAISED AS THE RAIDERS LANDED. INSTANTLY THEY BEGAN TO MOVE UP THE WADI . . .



THEN, TWO HUNDRED YARDS ON, MORELAND PAUSED TO DETAIL TWO OF HIS MEN TO WATCH THE REAR . . .



HOGAN, YOU AND COLLIER WILL STAY HERE TO GIVE WARNING SHOULD ANY JERRIES TRY TO TAKE US FROM BEHIND.

YES, SIR!

SIR, I VOLUNTEERED FOR THIS CAPER TO GET IN SOME FIGHTING! NOT TO BE JUST A BLINKING SENTRY!



THE RAIDERS CONTINUED THEIR ADVANCE . . .
UNTIL, SUDDENLY, A SHOUT BROKE THE SILENCE
AHEAD, AND A FLARE BURST STARTLINGLY IN
THE NIGHT SKY . . .



AHEAD OF THEM AS THEY BROKE OUT OF THE COVER OF THE WADI, WAS THE FUEL AND SUPPLY DUMP. THE FLICKER OF MUZZLE FLASHES AND THE HARSH RATTLE OF MACHINE-GUNS WARNED THAT IT WAS WELL GUARDED . . .

INTO THEM, LADS! WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THROUGH TO THE DUMP!



THE DISCORDANT DIN OF BATTLE ECHOED BACK ALONG THE WADI AND HOGAN'S FACE GREW SULLEN WITH ANGER . . .



TO BLAZES WITH THIS! THE OTHER BLOKES ARE GETTING ALL THE FUN. I'M GOING UP THERE TO GET ME SOME JERRIES!

BUT THE CAPTAIN'S ORDERS WERE FOR US TO STAY HERE . . . TO WATCH THE REAR!

The Iron Fusiliers



AND SO HOGAN JOINED IN THE FIGHTING ON THE LEFT FLANK. IN THE CONFUSION HIS PRESENCE WAS NOT NOTICED.



AS THE BREN BUCKED AND HAMMERED AT HIS HIP, HOGAN GRINNED WOLFISHLY. NOTHING GAVE HIM SUCH SAVAGE PLEASURE AS TO FIGHT . . . AND KILL !

AT LAST, AFTER FIERCE FIGHTING, THE IRON FUSILIERS BLASTED A HOLE THROUGH THE ENEMY SCREEN. THE DEMOLITION SQUAD RACED FORWARD . . . AND WITHIN MINUTES, THE DUMP WAS EXPLODING INTO FLAME.



BUT, BACK AT THE FAR END OF THE WADI . . .



HAD HOGAN BEEN THERE WITH THE BREN, THE TWO FUSILIERS **MIGHT** HAVE STOPPED THE GERMANS. BUT ON HIS OWN, COLLIER STOOD NO CHANCE . . .



A FEW MINUTES LATER, CAPTAIN MORELAND'S PARTY WERE SWEEPED BY A WITHERING FIRE FROM THE REAR . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

BUT THE YOUNG BRITISH CAPTAIN HAD ALREADY EARNED A REPUTATION FOR COOLNESS IN THE TOUGHEST SPOTS . . .

SERGEANT POWELL, TAKE YOUR SECTION AND ONE OTHER AND HOLD THE REAR UNTIL WE HAVE FINISHED OUR JOB IN FRONT!

RIGHT, SIR!

AND AS SOON AS THE DEMOLITION PARTY HAD RETURNED THE RAIDERS BEGAN TO HACK A PATH BACK TO THE SEA . . .

COME ON, LADS! ONCE WE'RE THROUGH THIS LOT WE'RE IN THE CLEAR!

IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT MORELAND SAW THE HULKING, FIGHTING-MAD HOGAN...

HOGAN!
BUT HE
SHOULD BE...



HOGAN... WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE? I
LEFT YOU TO WATCH
OUR REAR!



I'M A
FIGHTER, SIR!
THIS IS WHERE
I BELONG!

YOU COST A LOT OF GOOD
MEN THEIR LIVES, HOGAN!
IF WE GET OUT OF HERE
ALIVE, YOU'RE GOING
TO PAY FOR THIS!



AHEAD LAY THE BEACH AND WITH ONE FINAL CHARGE, THE 'IRON FUSILIERS' BROKE THROUGH, OVERWHELMING THE REMAINING GERMANS IN THEIR PATH . . .



IT TOOK THE SURVIVORS ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO DRAG THEIR INFLATABLE BOATS FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES . . . AND THEY REGAINED THE SHELTER OF THE SUBMARINE WITHOUT FURTHER CASUALTIES . . .

AS SOON AS THE RAIDING PARTY REJOINED THE UNIT, CAPTAIN MORELAND PUT HOGAN ON A CHARGE, AND IN DUE COURSE HAD HIM BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDING OFFICER . . .



HOGAN COULD NOT PUT FORWARD ANY EXCUSE FOR DESERTING HIS POST . . . OTHER THAN HIS CRAVING FOR ACTION . . . AND A VERDICT WAS QUICKLY REACHED .

YOU DISOBEYED ORDERS, HOGAN, AND ENDANGERED THE LIVES OF YOUR COMRADES . . . YOU WILL GO TO DETENTION FOR SIXTY DAYS. PERHAPS THIS WILL REMIND YOU THAT A SOLDIER'S **FIRST DUTY** IS TO OBEY!



DURING THOSE SIXTY DAYS, HOGAN BROODED DAILY OVER HIS HATRED OF CAPTAIN MORELAND . . .

I'M TELLING YOU, I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT OFFICER WHO SENT ME HERE. I'LL PUT A BULLET IN HIM BEFORE THIS WAR IS OVER.

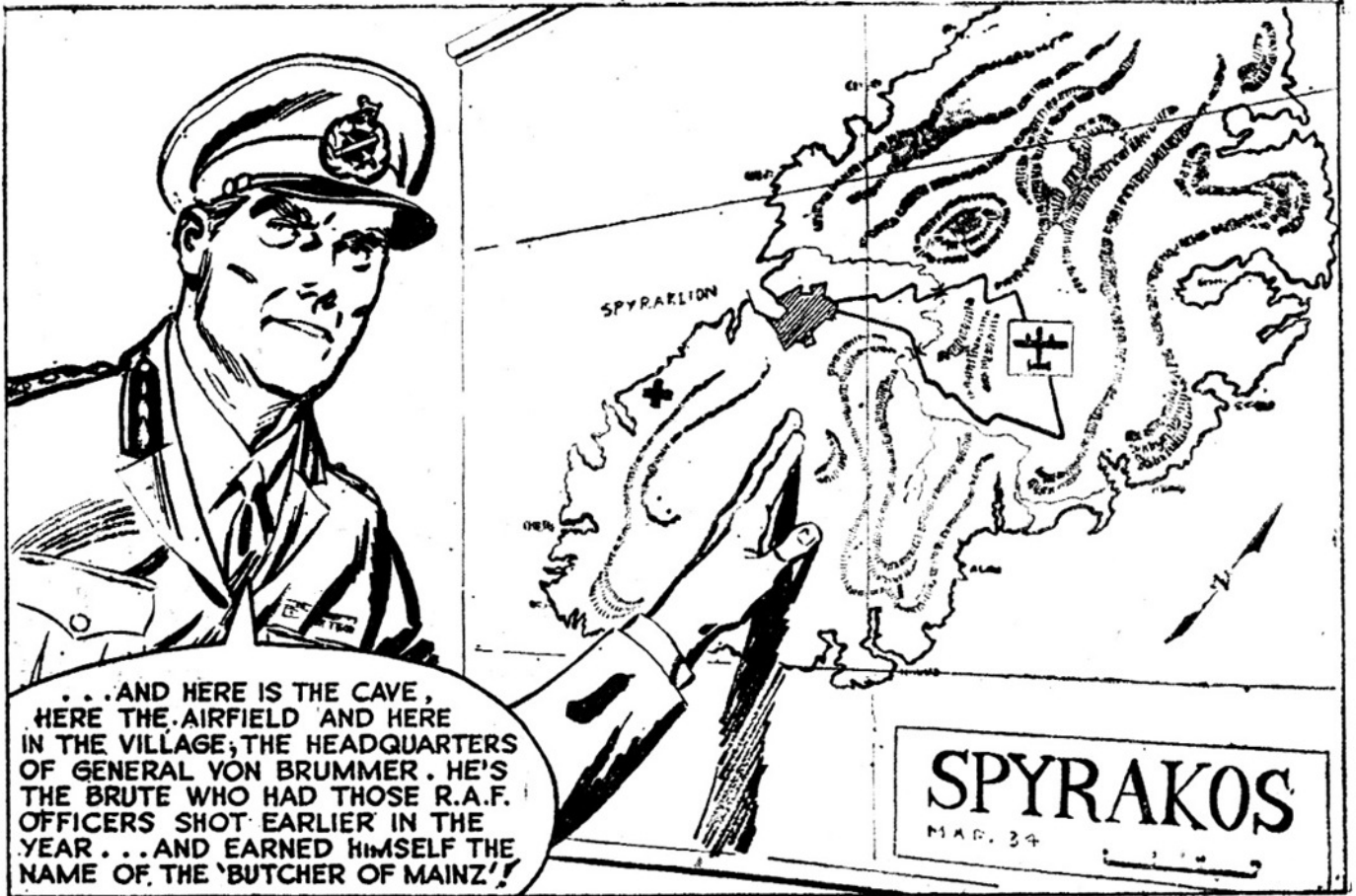
GARN, I'VE 'EARD THAT TALE BEFORE. BLOKES ARE ALWAYS THREATENING TO SHOOT THEIR OFFICERS OR SERGEANTS BUT THEY NEVER DO!





WHILE HOGAN WAS SERVING HIS TIME A VITAL
MEETING WAS TAKING PLACE IN WHITEHALL . . .





THE GENERAL EXPLAINED THAT, CONTRARY TO THE RULES OF WAR, THE NAZIS HAD PUT PRISONER-OF-WAR COMPOUNDS CLOSE TO THE AIRFIELD TO DISCOURAGE R.A.F. BOMBING.

...SO I SUGGEST WE LAND A PICKED RAIDING PARTY TO GET INTO THIS CAVE, AND BLOW UP THE FUEL AND TORPEDO STORE. THEN ATTACK VON BRUMMER'S HEADQUARTERS, AND SPREAD HAVOC ON THE AIRFIELD...



The Iron Fusiliers

AT THAT MOMENT THE COMMANDO UNITS WERE HEAVILY ENGAGED ELSEWHERE, SO THE WAR OFFICE'S CHOICE FELL ON THE IRON FUSILIERS . . .

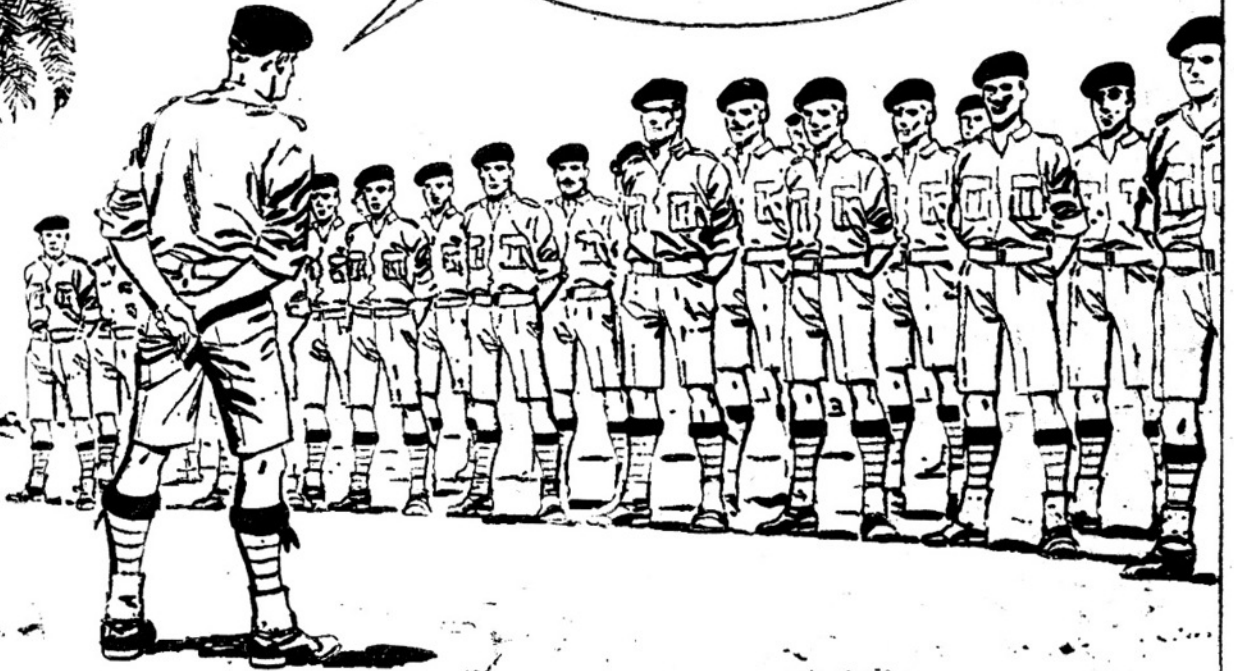


MESSAGE JUST COME IN, LAMBERT! IT SAYS . . . YOU ARE DIRECTED TO SELECT AND TRAIN IMMEDIATELY A FORCE OF SEVENTY MEN UNDER SPECIALLY CHOSEN OFFICER, FOR A MOST HAZARDOUS OPERATION. MAJOR PALMER WILL VISIT YOU AND EXPLAIN DETAILS . . .



NEXT DAY, THE COMMANDING OFFICER CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS . . .

MANY OF YOU HAVE FELT A LITTLE RESTLESS LATELY AT OUR LACK OF ACTION. IF YOU HAVE, THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY. VOLUNTEERS ARE REQUIRED FOR A SPECIAL MISSION . . . A MISSION OF GREAT DANGER . . .



BUT DANGER WAS THE LIFE-BLOOD OF THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE IRON FUSILIERS AND FAR MORE MEN THAN THE NUMBER NEEDED VOLUNTEERED. SO THE C.O. AND CAPTAIN MORELAND, WHO WAS TO LEAD THE RAID, INTERVIEWED AND VETTED EVERY MAN . . .

AND ONE OF THEM WAS HOGAN, JUST RELEASED FROM DETENTION.

HOGAN, I ADMIT YOU'RE AS GOOD A FIGHTING MAN AS WE HAVE, BUT YOU LET ME DOWN BADLY ONCE, I CAN'T TRUST YOU NOT TO DO THE SAME AGAIN!

I KNOW, SIR. BUT I KNOW BETTER NOW. WON'T YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE, SIR?



I'VE SERVED MY PUNISHMENT. NEVER GAVE NO TROUBLE. NOW I JUST WANT TO SQUARE MYSELF WITH EVERYONE. . .



The Iron Fusiliers

MORELAND GAZED STEADILY AT HOGAN, BUT SAW ON THE OTHER MAN'S FACE ONLY AN EARNEST DESIRE TO PLEASE. ABRUPTLY, HE CAME TO A DECISION . . .

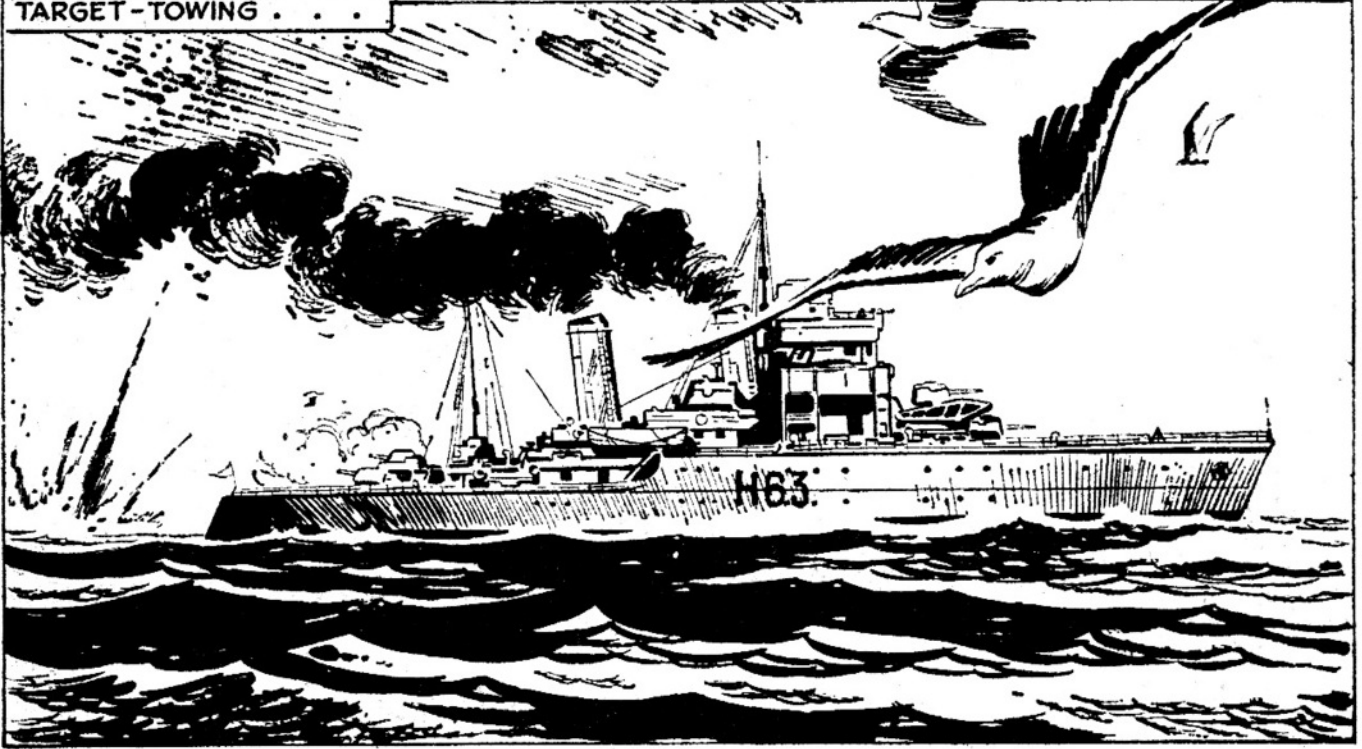


AS SOON AS HE WAS ACCEPTED, HOGAN TURNED AWAY QUICKLY TO HIDE HIS TRIUMPHANT GRIN . . .



Chapter 2. SURRENDER

MEANWHILE, OFF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND, A DESTROYER OF THE ROYAL NAVY SWUNG SLOWLY ON TO A PRE-ORDAINED COURSE. NOT FOR HER THE THRILL AND TENSION OF CONVOY PATROL . . . THE SATISFACTION OF THE "KILL". *H.M.S. AMPHION* HAD BEEN RELEGATED TO TARGET-TOWING . . .



ON THE BRIDGE, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WYBORN WAS WRYLY BEMOANING HIS LOT . . .

WELL, NUMBER ONE, I SUPPOSE WE SHOULDN'T EXPECT ANYTHING MORE THAN PULLING TARGETS AROUND. *AMPHION'S* ABOUT THE OLDEST DESTROYER IN THE NAVY, AND SHE ISN'T FIT FOR MUCH ELSE.

YES, SIR. BUT WHAT A JOB! . . . AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'LL BE DOING IT FOR THE DURATION . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

AN HOUR LATER, *AMPHION* WAS STILL STEAMING MONOTONOUSLY ON HER TEDIOUS TASK WHEN THE YEOMAN OF SIGNALS HANDED WYBORN A SIGNAL . . .

IT'S A SIGNAL FROM THE PORT ADMIRAL! 'RETURN AT ONCE TO BASE, AND REPORT TO THIS OFFICE!' GOOD HEAVENS, NUMBER ONE, DON'T TELL ME THAT WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT AT LAST!



MOST LIKELY ORDERS TO TAKE THIS 'OLD TUB TO THE BREAKERS' YARD, SIR!

BUT A SURPRISE AWAITED LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WYBORN . . .

YOU'RE TO SAIL AT ONCE FOR ALEX, WYBORN. SOME SORT OF SPECIAL MISSION I GATHER. HOWEVER, YOU'LL GET FURTHER ORDERS THERE. RECALL ALL MEN ON LEAVE, AND BE READY TO WEIGH ANCHOR DAYLIGHT WEDNESDAY!



SPECIAL MISSION, SIR! THAT'S WONDERFUL NEWS!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE PICKED RAIDING PARTY WERE RECEIVING SPECIAL TRAINING . . .



BUT AT LAST THEY WERE READY FOR THEIR FINAL BRIEFING . . .



NEXT DAY, THE DETACHMENT OF IRON FUSILIERS
WENT ABOARD H.M.S. AMPHION . . .



FOR MOST OF THAT DAY THE JOURNEY TO SPYRAKOS
CONTINUED WITHOUT INCIDENT . . . THEN AMPHION
WAS SPOTTED BY A GERMAN PLANE!



SURE ENOUGH, TWO HOURS LATER, FIVE STUKAS HURTTLED, SCREAMING, FROM OUT OF THE SKY . . .



WITH GUNS BLAZING, AMPHIBON FOUGHT BACK! BUT ONE BOMB BURST ASTERN AND DAMAGED ONE OF HER PROPELLERS.

The Iron Fusiliers

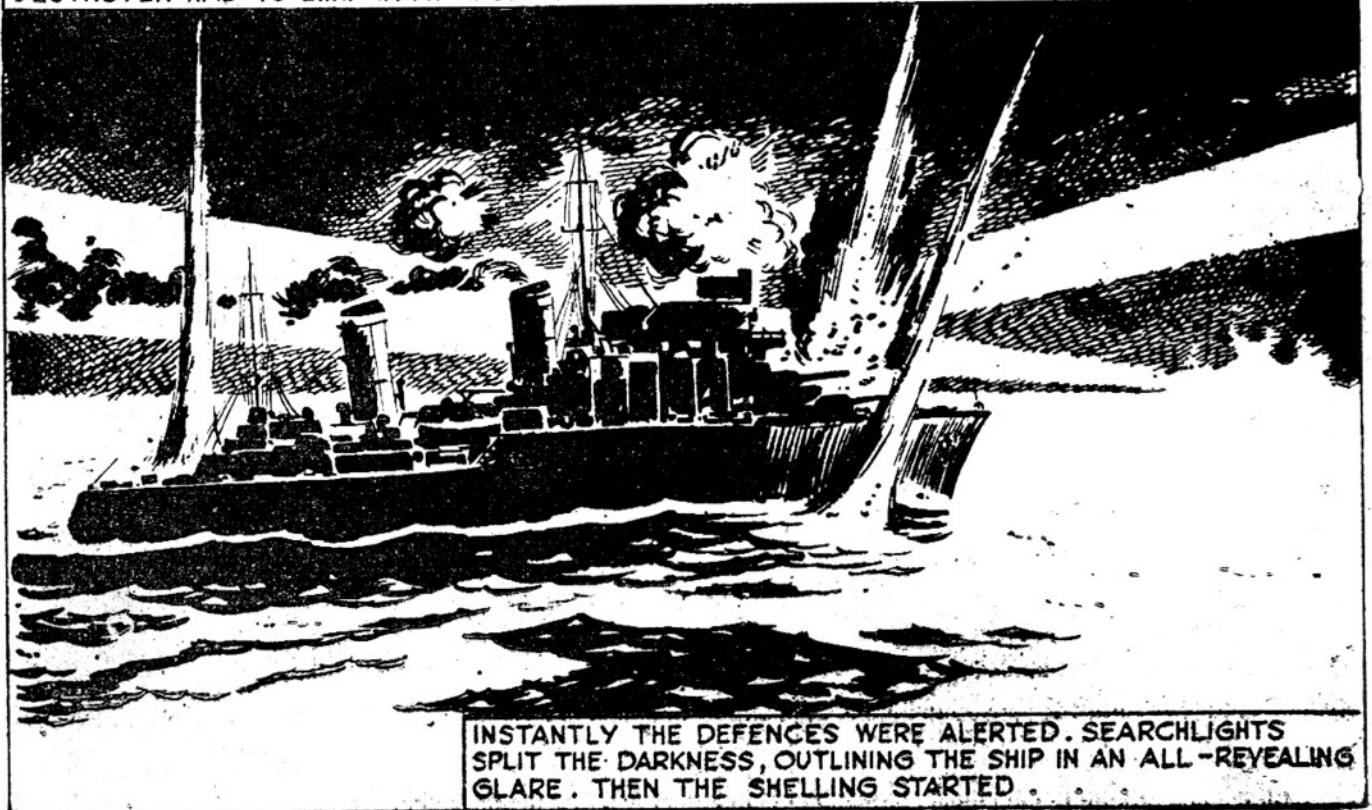
EVENTUALLY THE A.A. GUNNERS DROVE THE STUKAS OFF, BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE . . .

THE PROPELLER WILL HOLD . . . BUT ONLY IF WE REDUCE OUR SPEED. AND I'LL HAVE TO DEVIATE FROM OUR ROUTE FOR A SPELL TO MAKE SURE JERRY DOESN'T FIND US AGAIN. I'M AFRAID WE'LL BE LATE GETTING TO SPYRAKOS.

H'MM, THAT'S NOT SO GOOD! BUT WE'LL GO ON!



SO IT WAS THAT WHEN *AMPHION* REACHED HER OBJECTIVE; INSTEAD OF BEING ABLE TO SLIP SWIFTLY INTO SPYRAKLION BAY AND DISEMBARK HER TROOPS, THE DESTROYER HAD TO LIMP IN AT HALF SPEED . . .



INSTANTLY THE DEFENCES WERE ALERTED. SEARCHLIGHTS SPLIT THE DARKNESS, OUTLINING THE SHIP IN AN ALL-REVEALING GLARE. THEN THE SHELLING STARTED . . .

...AND WITHIN SECONDS, THE OLD DESTROYER RECEIVED A MORTAL BLOW, EVEN THOUGH HER GUNS WERE SPITTING DEFIANCE...



WYBORN SAW THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING HE COULD DO...

THERE'S A REEF DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN, AND I'M GOING TO RUN THE SHIP AGROUND ON IT. IT'S ALL I CAN DO TO SAVE HER FROM SINKING BENEATH US!

ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE'LL GET ASHORE AS BEST WE CAN.



The Iron Fusiliers

WITH A TERRIFYING SCREECH AND CRASH OF RENDING METAL, THE DESTROYER GROUNDED ON THE REEF. GREAT GASHES WERE TORN IN HER HULL AND THE WATER POURED IN . . .



LET'S GET OUT!
WE'LL BE DROWNED
LIKE RATS!

STEADY, LAD!
IRON FUSILIERS AREN'T
AFRAID OF GETTING
THEIR FEET WET!

EVEN THOUGH THE *AMPHION* WAS HARD AND FAST ON THE REEF, HER GUNS SILENT, THE GERMAN BATTERIES STILL SHELLED HER UNMERCIFULLY . . . FAST REDUCING HER TO A BATTERED WRECK . . .



ON THE SHATTERED BRIDGE, MORELAND AND WYBORN HELD A HURRIED CONFERENCE . . .

WHATEVER HAPPENS, AND
AT WHATEVER RISK, I
MUST GET MY
MEN ASHORE!



YES, I REALISE THAT,
MORELAND. BUT IF YOU TRY
TO GET AWAY IN YOUR RUBBER
BOATS IN THIS CONCENTRATED
FIRE, YOU'LL LOSE EVERY
MAN YOU'VE GOT!

THEN MORELAND SEIZED UPON
A DESPERATE PLAN . . .

LOOK, SIR! THE GERMANS DON'T KNOW YOU
ARE CARRYING TROOPS. IF YOU AND YOUR MEN
TAKE TO THE BOATS, THEY WILL THINK THE SHIP
IS BEING ABANDONED. WE CAN STAY HERE
AND ONCE THE SHELLING HAS CEASED
. . . AS IT WILL IF THE ENEMY SEE
YOU LEAVING. . . WE CAN SLIP
ASHORE IN THE DARKNESS.

IT MIGHT
JUST WORK! VERY
WELL, I'LL GIVE THE ORDER.
GOOD-BYE THEN, MORELAND
. . . AND GOOD LUCK!

FOR THE COMMANDER OF A SHIP OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL NAVY IT WAS NO
EASY DECISION . . . EVEN WHEN HIS VESSEL MAY BE DEEMED EXPENDABLE.
BUT THE SUCCESS OF THE OPERATION MUST COME FIRST . . .



The Iron Fusiliers



ON SPYRAKOS, THE GERMAN COMMANDER, GENERAL VON BRUMMER, WATCHED EXULTANTLY AS THE SURVIVORS OF THE *AMPHION* ROWED ASHORE IN THE GROWING DAYLIGHT . . .



AS SOON AS THE DESTROYER'S SURVIVORS LANDED, THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONER, AND WYBORN WAS MARCHED TO VON BRUMMER'S HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING . . .



IN THE MEANTIME, BACK ON THE *AMPHION*, MORELAND WAS EXPLAINING THE SITUATION TO HIS MEN . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

ALL THAT DAY, A BURNING SUN BEAT DOWN UPON THE SHATTERED DESTROYER . . . AND BELOW DECKS, THE HIDDEN RAIDERS SWELTERED IN A STIFLING HEAT.



BUT TO HOGAN, THE NERVE-TENSING HOURS OF WAITING WERE WORSE EVEN THAN THE HEAT. OPEN MUTINY BLAZED IN HIS EYES AND HE MADE FOR THE COMPANIONWAY. . .



THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SMASHED HOGAN TO THE FLOODED DECK. HE CAME UP SPLUTTERING, HIS FACE BLACK WITH FURY . . .



NIGHTFALL CAME AT LAST TO END THE LONGEST DAY OF THE RAIDERS' LIVES. SILENTLY, THE IRON FUSILIERS EASED INTO THEIR RUBBER BOATS . . .

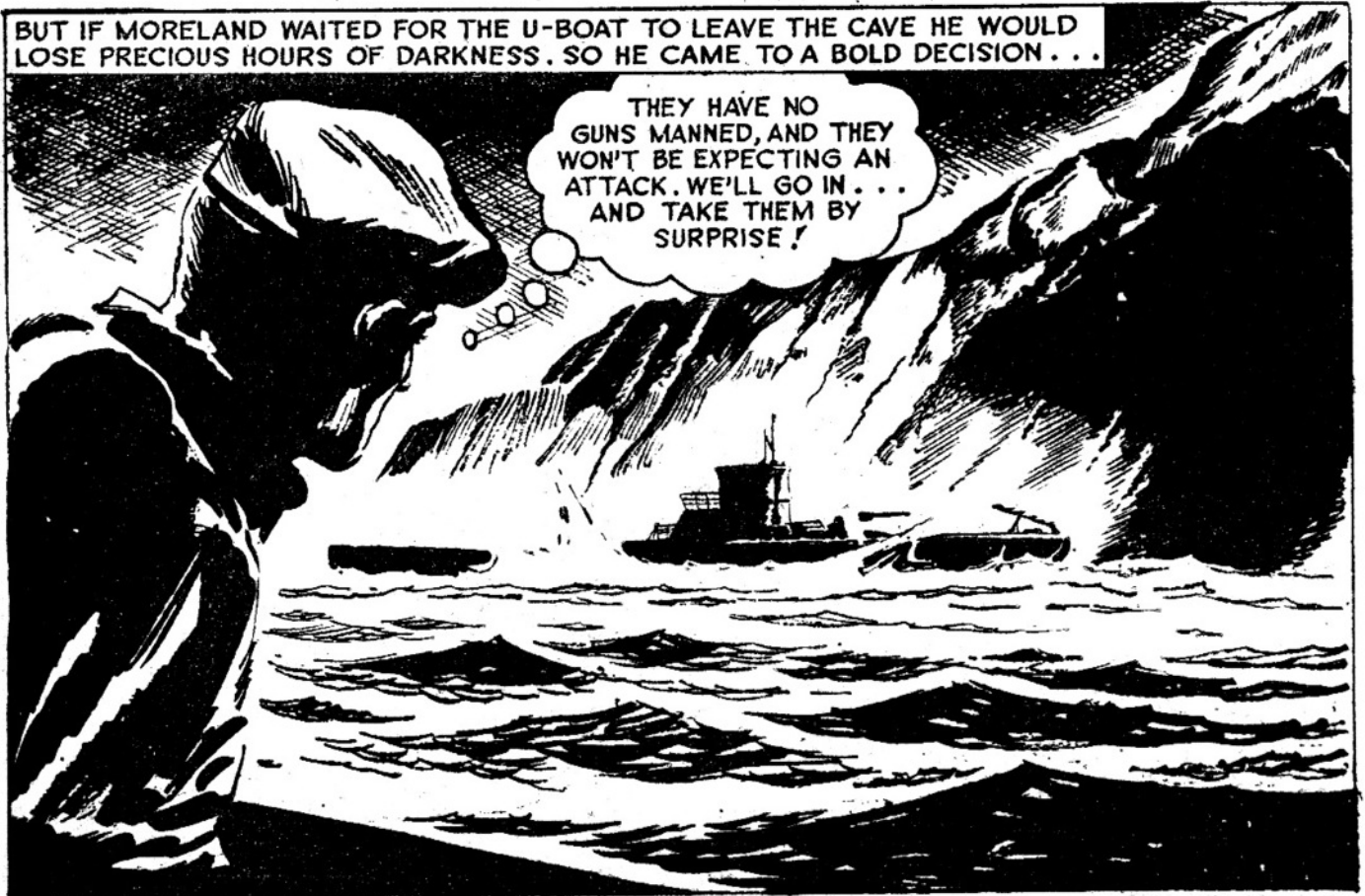


The Iron Fusiliers

THE SEA WAS CALM, AND STEADILY AND QUIETLY THE RAIDERS MADE FOR THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. THEN MORELAND CAUGHT HIS BREATH SHARPLY AS A LONG, BLACK SHAPE SLID UP OUT OF THE WATER . . .



BUT IF MORELAND WAITED FOR THE U-BOAT TO LEAVE THE CAVE HE WOULD LOSE PRECIOUS HOURS OF DARKNESS. SO HE CAME TO A BOLD DECISION . . .



A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE
U-BOAT ENTERED THE CAVE . . .
THE RAIDERS ATTACKED!



The Iron Fusiliers

THE STARTLED GERMAN SAILORS HAD NO WEAPONS ON THEM, AND AS THEY SCRAMBLED FOR THE STERN GUN THEY WERE CUT DOWN...



BEFORE MORELAND TOOK THE DEMOLITION SQUADS FORWARD HE DIRECTED SERGEANT POWELL TO 'POST A LETTER' DOWN THE CONNING-TOWER...



... AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, A RUMBLING EXPLOSION CAME FROM INSIDE THE U-BOAT. . .



COVERED BY MORELAND AND HIS PICKED MEN, THE DEMOLITION SQUAD PLANTED THEIR CHARGES. . .



NEXT MOMENT, ARMED GERMANS CAME CLATTERING DOWN THE STONE STEPS THAT FORMED THE INLAND ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE . . .



THE GERMANS WHO SURVIVED THE RAIDERS' WITHERING FIRE FOUGHT FIERCELY. MORELAND HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD . . . AND AS HE DID SO A TOMMY-GUN RATTLED BEHIND HIM . . . AND BULLETS RAKED INCHES PAST HIS HEAD!



MORELAND SMASHED THE GERMAN TO THE GROUND
WITH THE BUTT OF HIS TOMMY-GUN . . .



. . . THEN WHIRLED ABOUT TO FACE
THE SLYLY-GRINNING HOGAN . . .



WHAT IN BLAZES
ARE YOU UP TO?
YOU NEARLY BLEW
MY HEAD OFF!

SORRY, SIR!
ACCIDENT!

. . . AND AT THAT MOMENT HE REALISED
THAT THE HULKING PRIVATE MEANT TO
MURDER HIM.

BUT HE HAD NO REAL PROOF OF HOGAN'S EVIL INTENTION . . .

ALL RIGHT, HOGAN! BUT I DON'T WANT YOU BEHIND ME ANY MORE, SO NOW YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND RECONNOITRE OUR WAY OUT!



WHEN THE RAIDERS REACHED THE SCRUB-COVERED CLIFFS, MORELAND SENT HOGAN WITH THE PARTY THAT WAS TO ATTACK THE AIRFIELD . . .

YOU GO WITH LIEUTENANT BARRY'S PARTY, HOGAN. I'LL FEEL SAFER WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY.

HURRY UP, YOU MEN!



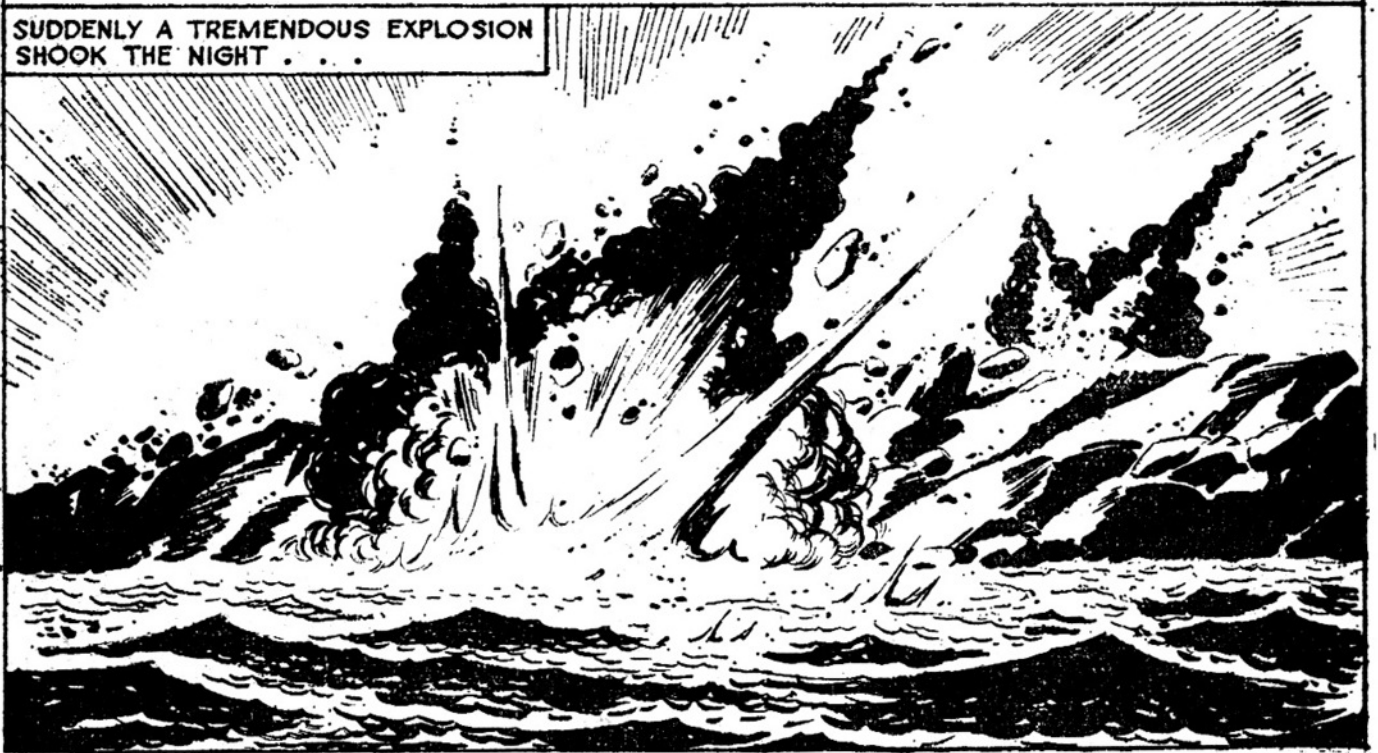
SMOULDERING HATE IN HIS HEART, HOGAN SET OFF WITH THE LIEUTENANT'S PARTY, WHILST MORELAND LED HIS MEN UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARDS THE VILLAGE OF SPYRAKLION . . .

I CAN WAIT!



Chapter 3. DEATH AT SPYRAKLION

SUDDENLY A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION
SHOOK THE NIGHT . . .



THAT EXPLOSION BROUGHT GENERAL
VON BRUMMER FROM HIS BED . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

AFTER THE EXPLOSION, LIEUTENANT BARRY'S PARTY STRUCK STRAIGHT ACROSS COUNTRY FOR THE AIRFIELD, BUT CAME UNDER HEAVY MACHINE-GUN FIRE. ONE OF THE BATTALION SNIPERS WAS HIT, AND HOGAN DROPPED BACK TO ATTEND TO HIM . . .



I'LL BE OKAY
YOU GET ON

RIGHT. BUT
I'LL TAKE YOUR
RIFLE, SMITHY. YOU
WON'T NEED IT. . .
AND I'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
ATTEND TO!

LIKE A LONE WOLF, HOGAN SLIPPED AWAY . . . NOT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE AIRFIELD, BUT BACK TOWARDS SPYRAKLION VILLAGE, WHERE HE KNEW HE WOULD FIND THE MAN HE HATED.



JUST LET ME
GET MORELAND IN
THESE SIGHTS!

DAWN WAS ALREADY BREAKING AS MORELAND AND HIS MEN DREW CLOSE TO THE VILLAGE . . .

NICE OF THEM TO MARK VON BRUMMER'S HEADQUARTERS WITH A FLAG! THAT'S WHERE WE MAKE FOR, LADS!



SOON THE IRON FUSILIERS WERE IN POSITION TO LAUNCH THEIR SURPRISE ATTACK ON THE HEADQUARTERS . . .

MOST OF THE JERRIES ARE OUT OF THE VILLAGE NOW. THIS SHOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE!



The Iron Fusiliers

BUT AS THE RAIDERS RUSHED FORWARD THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE OPEN BY A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN. WITHIN SECONDS THEY HAD LOST MORE THAN HALF THEIR STRENGTH . . . AND THE SURVIVORS WERE PINNED DOWN . . .



KEEP UNDER COVER UNTIL I GIVE YOU THE ORDER. THEN RUSH!



YES, SIR!
AND . . .
GOOD LUCK!

A SAVAGE, HAMMERING BURST FROM THE SPANDAU FOLLOWED MORELAND AS HE DASHED ACROSS THE ROADWAY. BUT LUCK WAS WITH HIM AND, UNSCATHED HE REACHED THE COVER OF THE HOUSES . . .



BUT OUT ON THE HILLSIDE HOGAN HAD
ALREADY SPOTTED MORELAND . . .



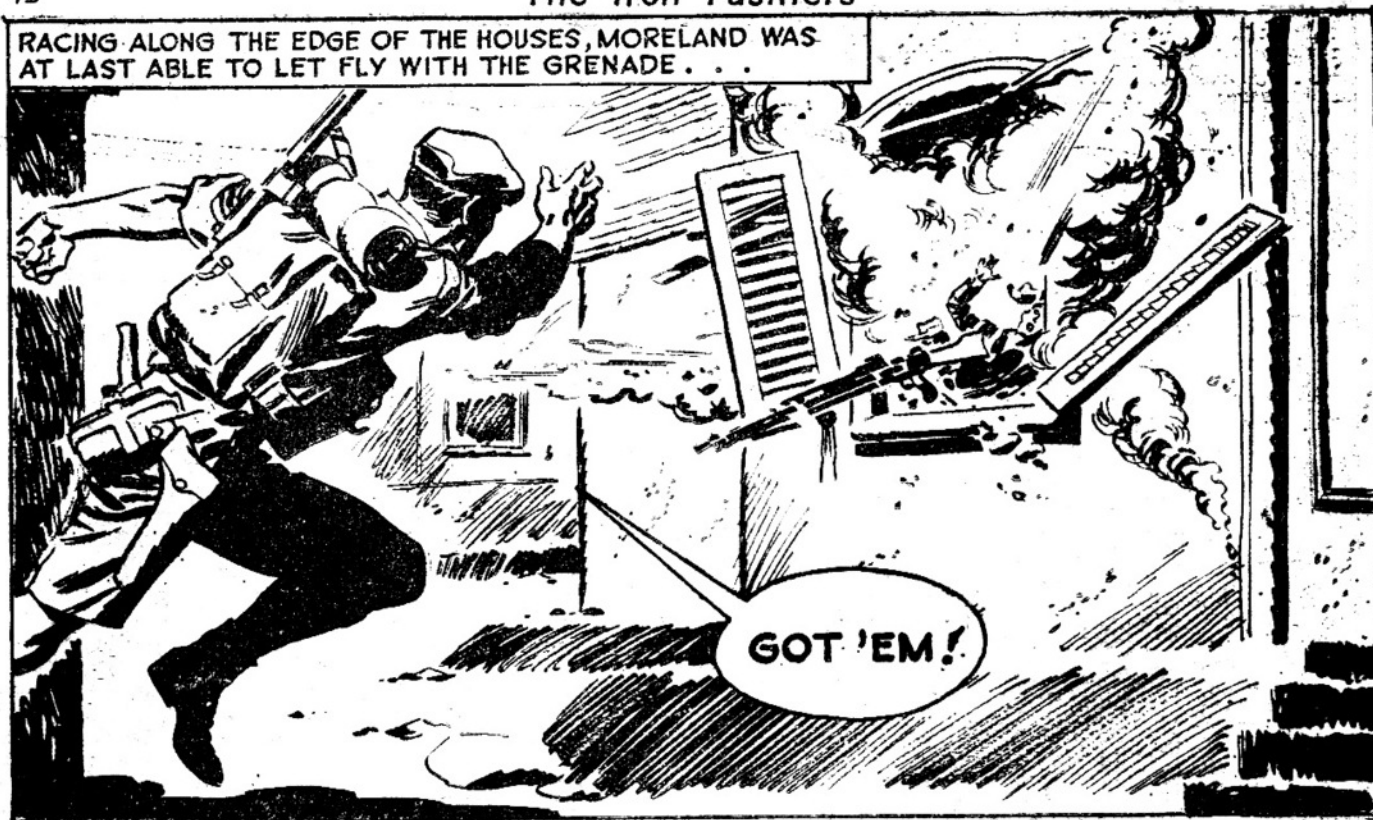
HOGAN'S FINGER TIGHTENED AGAINST
THE TRIGGER . . . AND A BULLET
SMASHED INTO THE WALL INCHES
FROM CAPTAIN MORELAND'S HEAD . . .

A JERRY SNIPER
HAS GOT ME LINED
UP! I'VE GOT TO
MAKE A MOVE
... NOW!



The Iron Fusiliers

RACING ALONG THE EDGE OF THE HOUSES, MORELAND WAS AT LAST ABLE TO LET FLY WITH THE GRENADE . . .



BUT AS SERGEANT POWELL AND HIS MEN DASHED FORWARD TO REJOIN MORELAND, THEY WERE CUT DOWN BY ANOTHER ENEMY MACHINE-GUN . . . AND THE YOUNG CAPTAIN WAS ON HIS OWN!



BOLDLY, MORELAND RUSHED UPSTAIRS AND BURST INTO THE ROOM WHERE GENERAL VON BRUMMER WAS FRANTICALLY TELEPHONING . . .



AND AT THAT VITAL MOMENT, MORELAND'S GUN JAMMED! DESPERATELY, HE SWUNG THE GUN AT THE NEAREST GERMAN . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

THEN VON BRUMMER'S LUGER FLAMED . . . AND MORELAND'S TOMMY-GUN WAS WRENCHED FROM HIS HAND . . .



BUT BEFORE VON BRUMMER COULD FIRE AGAIN, MORELAND LEAPT LIKE A PANTHER . . .



AS MORELAND STUMBLED OVER AN OVERTURNED CHAIR AND LOST HIS GRIP, VON BRUMMER SWEEPED UP HIS LUGER. BUT AGAIN MORELAND WAS FIRST TO ATTACK . . . WITH A PILE-DRIVING PUNCH TO THE NAZI'S JAW . . .

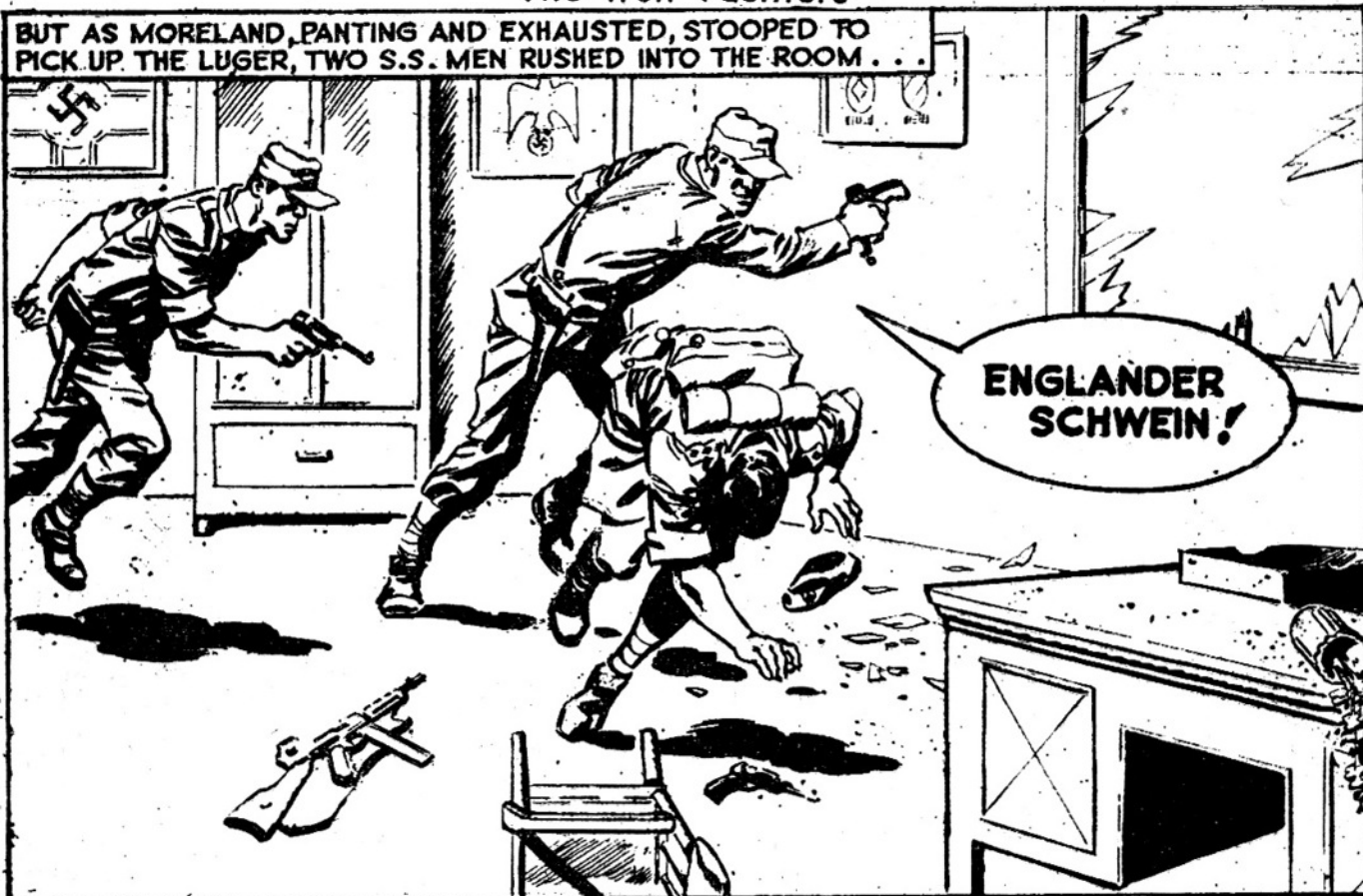


WITH A SCREAM OF TERROR, GENERAL VON BRUMMER, 'THE BUTCHER OF MAINZ', HURTTLED TO HIS DOOM . . .



The Iron Fusiliers

BUT AS MORELAND, PANTING AND EXHAUSTED, STOOPED TO PICK UP THE LUGER, TWO S.S. MEN RUSHED INTO THE ROOM . . .



ONE OF THE S.S. MEN WOULD HAVE SHOT MORELAND THERE AND THEN, BUT HIS COMPANION STOPPED HIM . . .



THEY HAD BARELY FINISHED TYING THE DAZED CAPTAIN TO A CHAIR WHEN ANOTHER RUMBLING EXPLOSION SHOOK THE HOUSE . . .

HIMMEL! THAT MUST BE THE BOMB DUMP ON THE AIRFIELD!

HOW MANY OF THESE ENGLANDERS ARE THERE? WE WILL ATTEND TO THIS ONE LATER . . .

THE S.S. MEN TURNED AND HURRIED OUT OF THE ROOM AND MORELAND TRIED IN VAIN TO GET FREE. SUDDENLY HE HEARD STEPS ON THE STAIRS . . . AND FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL HIM!

HOGAN . . . !

HELPLESSLY BOUND, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN'S SKIN CRAWLED AS STARK MURDER GLOWED IN HOGAN'S EYES .

The Iron Fusiliers

HOGAN STEPPED FORWARD, THE POINT OF HIS BAYONET REACHING TOWARDS HIS OFFICER'S HEART. THEN HOB-NAILED BOOTS CRASHED ON THE STAIRCASE, AND TWO MORE OF MORELAND'S MEN CAME CLATTERING IN. WITH CUNNING PRESENCE OF MIND, HOGAN SLASHED WITH HIS BAYONET AT MORELAND'S BONDS . . .



AGAIN MORELAND HAD NO PROOF THAT HOGAN HAD INTENDED TO MURDER HIM. HE FORCED HIS MIND TO BEAR ONCE MORE UPON THE OPERATION . . .



MORELAND AND HIS HANDFUL OF MEN SLIPPED OUT OF THE VILLAGE AND KEPT UNDER COVER UNTIL THEY REACHED THE PRISONER-OF-WAR COMPOUNDS BY THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD. THEN THEY MADE A LIGHTNING ATTACK ON THE GERMAN GUARDS . . .



HAND GRENADES WERE USED TO BLOW A HOLE IN THE WIRE OF THE SECOND COMPOUND. . .



SUDDENLY, AS MORE PRISONERS JOINED THEM, MORELAND BECAME AWARE THAT HOGAN WAS NOT IN SIGHT. . .



Chapter 4. TARGET OF HATE

BUT AGAIN THE OPERATION HAD TO COME FIRST. A HURRIED CONFERENCE WAS HELD WITH THE LIBERATED PRISONERS...

THE PROBLEM NOW IS HOW TO GET OFF THE ISLAND...

OUR BEST BET IS BY AIR, CHAPS.

WE CAN'T SEIZE ANY BOATS DOWN AT THE QUAY — THEY'RE TOO STRONGLY GUARDED.

SQUADRON LEADER HEATH, A FLYING ACE WHO HAD BEEN A PRISONER ON SPYRAKOS FOR A LONG TIME, EXPLAINED HIS PLAN...

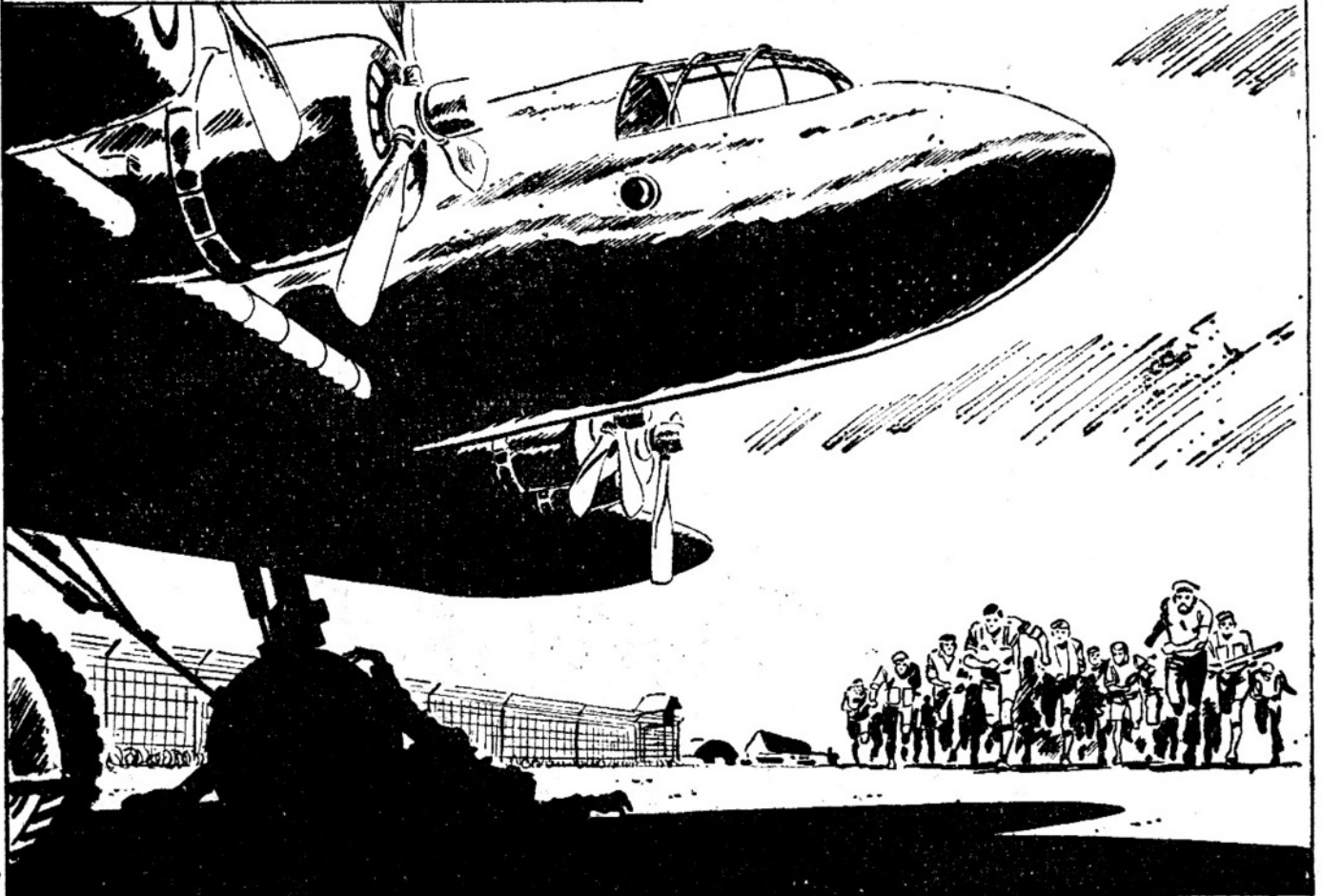
THERE'S A TRANSPORT PLANE ON THE RUNWAY THAT YOUR CHAPS HAVEN'T WRECKED AND I KNOW IT'S ALL FUELLED UP! THESE JERRY TRANSPORTS TAKE FIFTY OR SIXTY MEN, AND I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET IT OFF THE GROUND... IF I HAVE A CLEAR RUN.



THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF LIEUTENANT BARRY'S PARTY WERE NOW RUNNING ACROSS THE AIRFIELD TOWARDS THE P.O.W. COMPOUNDS. MORELAND AND HIS GROUP RACED TO MEET THEM . . .



SO FAR, THE GERMANS DID NOT SEEM TO HAVE REALISED THEIR ENEMIES' INTENTION.



MEANWHILE . . . A SINISTER FIGURE WAS WAITING HIS CHANCE TO KILL . . .



SQUADRON LEADER HEATH SCRAMBLED INTO THE COCKPIT OF THE GERMAN PLANE AND SWIFTLY SIZED UP THE CONTROLS. THE MOTORS RESPONDED PROMPTLY TO THE STARTER BUTTON . . .



AT THAT MOMENT, A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN SQUAD REACHED THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD . . .

QUICK!
GET THAT GUN
MOUNTED. THEY
MUST NOT GET
AWAY!



WAIT! LET THEM GET INTO THE
PLANE THEN WE CAN RIDDLE IT
FROM END TO END. IT WILL
BE THEIR COFFIN!



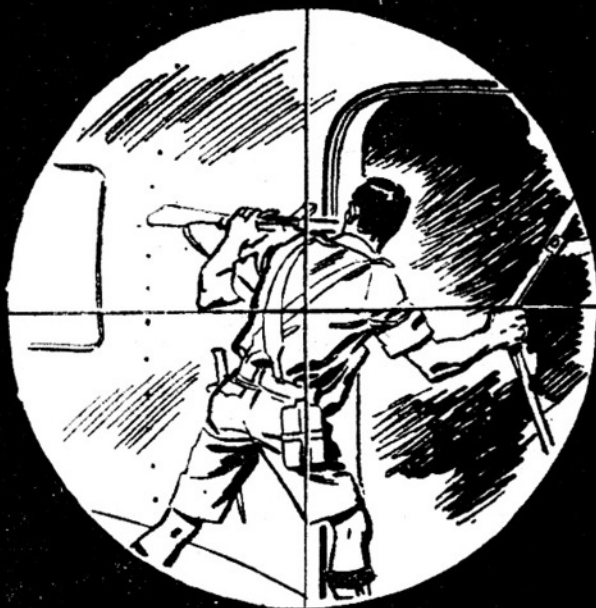
NOT FAR FROM THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUNNERS, HOGAN WAITED, A DEADLY ACCURATE SNIPER'S RIFLE IN HIS HANDS AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER IN HIS HEART . . .

MORELAND IS GOING TO BE THE LAST TO GO ABOARD . . . THE GALLANT OFFICER, WHO ALWAYS SEES TO HIS MEN FIRST! WELL, THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT. I'LL WAIT 'TILL HE'S ON HIS OWN . . . THEN I'LL GET HIM!



HE HAD NOT YET SEEN THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUNNERS . . .

WHEN ALL BUT MORELAND HAD CLIMBED ABOARD, HOGAN TOOK CAREFUL AIM . . .



. . . THE CROSSED LINES OF THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT LINED ON THE OFFICER'S BACK!

BUT BEFORE HOGAN COULD SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, A SUDDEN BURST OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS RIPPED INTO THE PLANE . . .



HOGAN ROSE TO HIS FEET AS THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUN
RAKED THE AIRCRAFT FROM END TO END . . .



WITHOUT HESITATION HOGAN
RUSHED AT THE GERMANS . . .



. . . HIS HATRED OF MORELAND FORGOTTEN
IN HIS SURGING LUST FOR BATTLE!

INSIDE THE PLANE, MEN TENSED AS THEY AWAITED ANOTHER BURST OF FIRING THAT WOULD FINISH THEM ALL . . .



BUT THE EXPECTED HAIL OF BULLETS DID NOT COME . . . AND THEN MORELAND SAW WHY! A SOLITARY FIGURE WAS ATTACKING THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUNNERS . . .



THE CRAVING TO
KILL HAD DRIVEN
HOGAN BERSERK . . .

COME ON, FRITZES,
LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN
STOP A **REAL**
FIGHTING MAN!



HIS GUN EMPTIED . . . BUT THAT
DIDN'T STOP THE GIANT
PRIVATE . . .





THE ENGINES OF THE PLANE WERE ROARING SMOOTHLY AT LAST, AND THE BIG TRANSPORT BEGAN TO ROLL FORWARD...



AS THE PLANE BEGAN TO GATHER SPEED THE GERMAN OFFICER FRANTICALLY PULLED HIS DEAD GUNNER AWAY FROM THE SPANDAU . . .



BUT IN THE NICK OF TIME HOGAN SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING. HE FLUNG HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE SPANDAU. . . HIS HUGE HANDS REACHING FOR THE GERMAN OFFICER'S THROAT. . .



The Iron Fusiliers

EVEN AS HIS HUGE HANDS GRIPPED AROUND THE GERMAN'S NECK,
A BURST OF BULLETS RIPPED THE LIFE FROM HOGAN'S BODY. . .



. . . BUT BY NOW THE TRANSPORT
PLANE WAS IN THE AIR!

... AND A FEW MINUTES LATER WAS WINGING ITS WAY SOUTH-EAST OVER THE MEDITERRANEAN, LEAVING A TRAIL OF RUIN BEHIND IT ...



ONCE THEY WERE CLEAR OF SPYRAKOS, THE ONLY UNEASY MOMENT CAME HOURS LATER WHEN THEY WERE FIRED ON BY COASTAL DEFENCES IN EGYPT, BUT THEY CRASH-LANDED ON THE BEACH AT SIDI BISR, AND WITHIN THE HOUR MORELAND WAS MAKING HIS REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS ...



The Iron Fusiliers

BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE RETURNED TO HIS UNIT THAT MORELAND FACED FROM HIS OWN C.O. THE QUESTION HE HAD BEEN EXPECTING . . .

... AND WHAT OF HOGAN, MORELAND? DID HE REDEEM HIMSELF?



MORELAND THOUGHT HOW HOGAN HAD TRIED TO KILL HIM! HE WAS ABOUT TO TELL THE TRUTH BUT THEN HE REMEMBERED HOW THE SURVIVING RAIDERS OWED THEIR LIVES TO THAT SAME MANIAC DESIRE TO DESTROY . . .

WITH ALL HIS FAULTS, SIR, HOGAN DIED BRAVELY. HE . . . HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE SO THAT WE COULD GET AWAY!



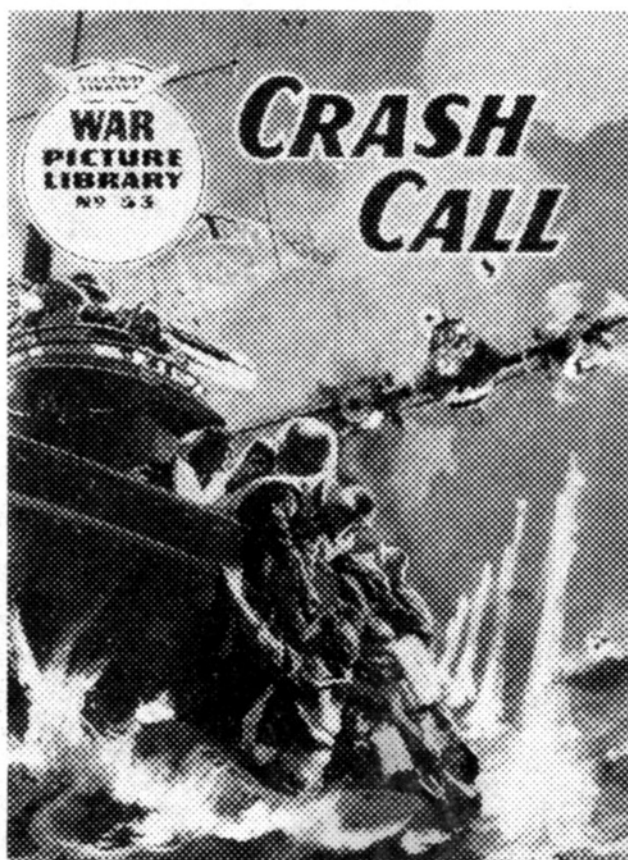
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